Shewing an outward pitty: yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
Nor. My Lord diſpatch, read o're theſe Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine eyes upon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt
For I have given here my ſoules conſent,
T' undecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe, a ſoveraigne, a ſlave;
Proud Maieſty, a ſubiect; State, a Peſant,
Nor. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title:
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt: alacke the heavy day,
That I have worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh, that I were a mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the ſunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops:
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſty.
Bul. Goe ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.
Nor. Read o're this Paper, while the Glaſſe doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.
Bul. Vrge it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.
Nor. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeed,
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe.
Enter one with a Glaſſe.
Giye me that Glaſſe, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtrucke
So many blowes upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? Oh flattering Gla
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day, under his houſhold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thouſand men? was this the face,
That like the ſunne did make beholders winke?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follyes,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Marke ſilent King, the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.
Bul. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.
Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow: ha, lets ſee,
'Tis very true, my griefe lyes all within,
And theſe externall manners of laments,
Are meerely ſhadows to the unſeene griefe,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoule.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bounty, that not onely giv'ſt
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?
Bul. Name it, faire Coſin.
Rich. Faire Coſin? I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then my ſubiects; being now a ſubiect,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to begge.
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich, And ſhall I have?
Bul. You ſhall.